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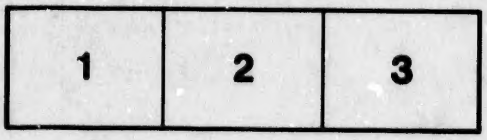

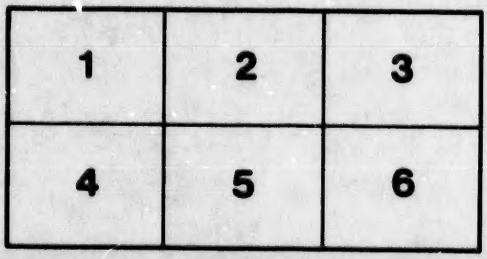


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A. S. Wheelwright Esq

# DYING FOR OUR COUNTRY:

A

# SERMON

ON THE

## DEATH OF CAPT. J. SEWALL REED

AND

## REV. THOMAS STARR KING;

PREACHED IN THE

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN MILTON,

MARCH 13, 1864.

Pam. NW

BY JOHN H. MORISON.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,
5, WATER STREET.
1864.

28 p.

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# SERMON.

John xv. 13: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

These words were spoken by our Saviour the evening before his crucifixion, and refer to his own death, — that great event, which, in connection with his teachings and his acts, has wrought such a change in the moral convictions, the spiritual insight, and the religious life, of the world. The whole plane of our being has been lifted up and enlarged by the sentiment here expressed, illustrated and confirmed as it was so speedily by his death, and his resurrection from the dead. The end for which we are born has thus been projected into higher realms. This world has been enriched and glorified by the light which streams upon it from the world of spiritual life and joy in which he lives, and which he has brought into more evident and vital relations with us. Because he lives, we shall live also. As we live and believe in him, we are made partakers of his life, and already become members of that kingdom which rises over us, which enfolds us in its embrace, and carries up into its wide

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and holy realm the souls of his followers, and the work which seems unfinished and in vain because of their premature departure from the earth.

Here is one of the decisive tests of discipleship indicated by Jesus. He who so lives amid the higher sentiments and affections of our religion as to subordinate every thing else to them is recognized as belonging to him. Thus it is, that he who loses his life for his sake shall find it. That is, he who, at the command of higher obligations, disregards this visible, apparent, earthly life, enters into the unseen, substantial, eternal life, and, so far, is lifted up into his wider sphere of pure, unselfish living.

Here is a real ground of distinction between those who are followers of Christ and those who are not. If you find a man to whom property or life is more sacred duty, you may be sure that he has not entered into the spirit of Jesus. If you meet a man who scoffs at the finer sentiments of our nature, and, in respect to the greatest sacrifices which are made to them, asks, "Why all this waste?" you may be sure that he is unable to know any thing of the ideas which Jesus came to declare, or the life which he came to impart. Here, more than in any ecclesiastical or theological opinions or professions, is the best test of our allegiance to Christ. He who resists temptation to wrong-doing, and in his life keeps himself unspotted from the world; he who preserves the sweetness of his affections, and, delighting to do what he can for the comfort and happiness of others, forgets himself

in his devotion to them; he who esteems the cause of righteousness more sacred than that of self-interest, who considers the integrity and life of his country as of more importance than any private end, and who, so believing, gives his life in attestation of his belief, — he so far enters into the spirit of our Lord, and approves himself his follower and disciple.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He who spoke these words died in order that the world might be drawn towards him, and, through faith in him, be made partakers of his divine and eternal life. His immediate followers, with no country except the spiritual community in which they were united, were called often to attest their fidelity to him by dying as witnesses to his truth; and, the more they died, the more their numbers multiplied, and their cause prevailed. When prosperity and ease and life became dearer to them than their faith in Christ, and their fidelity to him, then their cause languished, and their religion became inoperative and dead.

Those times of martyrdom, in the forms in which it then existed, have passed away. But there are other trials which furnish the same test of character, and in which our fidelity, even unto death, is as essential to the rectitude of our own lives and the advancement of God's kingdom on the earth.

The highest conception we can form of a Christian commonwealth is that of a great spiritual community, the unseen Church of Christ, in which his ransomed

ones of all ages and lands are gathered together, and which, in one unbroken communion, reaches down from heaven to earth, and draws into its embrace, from every kindred and nation and tongue, those who fear God and work righteousness.

This is the highest idea that we can form of a Christian commonwealth. Next to this, and, in its highest state, beyond any thing that the world has yet known, coincident with it, is the idea of a Christian people, united together in one great commonwealth; protected by wise and equal laws; owing allegiance to the same government; looking to the national flag as the emblem of liberty and justice, of union and strength, the ensign of a nation ready to put forth all its energies to defend the rights of the weakest citizen against the most powerful empire on the earth; guarding all its children with equal care; opening its schools to rich and poor alike; protecting churches and hospitals, and all benign institutions and charities; raising highways through the wilderness for the houseless; preparing homesteads for the homeless; and, like the great Benefactor of our race, sending out its gracious invitations into distant lands, and inviting people of every rank and condition, but especially the poor, the downtrodden, and the oppressed, to come, without money and without price, to share with us the privileges that we and our children enjoy. Next to the idea of the universal Church of Christ, reaching from earth to heaven, through all ages and all lands, is this idea of a Christian commonwealth, reaching from ocean to

ocean, — from the lakes and forests of the North almost to the tropics; administering its laws with an authority so gentle, that we were hardly conscious of its pressure; while its benefactions visited us like the dews and the providence of God, — so silently, that we forgot to be thankful for them. No such commonwealth as this of ours ever before existed, — no one so free, and yet so secure; so little interfering with individual rights, and yet so universally extending its protection and its gifts to all. We began our life as a people here in the wilderness. We grew up by the neglect of the nation which had authority over us. Our institutions, our government, and our laws were left to form themselves around us, like our bodies, by no arbitrary rules, but almost as a natural growth from the vital forces which were at work within. The old governments and nations of the earth, which at first despised or ignored us, at length began to look upon us with admiration and fear. We were rapidly preparing, in the regular progress of our advancement, to take our place as the foremost among them all; and except for one cruel injustice, allowed by our government, and binding its chains on four millions of helpless people, its influence was more and more felt throughout the world in favor of freedom and justice, and against the old despotisms which had so long oppressed the hearts and hopes of men. This, my friends, was the commonwealth in which we were born; under whose laws, and in whose institutions, we were nurtured. Lived there ever a people on the face of the earth

who had so much reason to honor and reverence and sustain the Government which threw its protecting arms and laws around them; whose blessings were so many, and its burdens so light? If foreign nations had leagued themselves together to overthrow and destroy it, should we not have esteemed it a privilege and a joy to lay down our lives in its defence? If traitors at home should league themselves together, and, after secretly plotting against it for more than a quarter of a century, should aim their murderous weapons at the bosom from which their life and ours alike was drawn, though they were a thousand times our brethren, could we stand by, and see them murder the common mother of us all? "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." And here traitors, with murderous hands and thoughts, are trying to cut in pieces and destroy the dear and venerated form of her, who, as our common mother, has pressed us all to her bosom, and who, with bleeding countenance and an expression of infinite sorrow, looks imploringly to us for our support. By all that is most sacred in life, by our reverence for Christ and the righteous laws which he would have us obey, by what we owe to our children's children, she calls upon us to save her from this act of treachery and murder; to save our national honor and life; to uphold through her the supremacy of wise and equal laws; to leave her with added purity, so as to awaken a deeper love and reverence among those who shall come after us. Shall we not obey her call, and lay down our lives if need be, freely, in de-

fence of her, who, next to our Saviour, is our greatest benefactor and friend?

This is the appeal which "our own, our native land" has been making to her children for the last three years. And not in vain. No call of a suffering parent was ever more bravely or more faithfully and reverently obeyed. From every walk of life, and for every post of duty, her sons have come forth; and thus we have been enabled to see, as never before, what specimens of large and generous manhood had grown up under her care. From our common-schools and our colleges, from poor men's homes and rich men's homes, young men, moved by a common enthusiasm, have gone forth, side by side, to confront a common danger, and to preserve the integrity and life of the nation. Examples have been given of a heroism as beautiful, of a gentleness as winning, of a generosity as noble, of a fidelity as sacred, and a reliance on God as devout and unfaltering, as any that are to be found in the pages of history or of poetry. I cannot think of them, whether living or dead, otherwise than with gratitude and honor. Their names will be kept among us as watchwords to kindle the patriotism of the young in all coming generations, and to keep alive their reverence for "whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." While they live, let our prayers call down the protection and benediction of Heaven upon them; and, when they die, let their names and memory be cherished as the dearest and most sacred of our treasures.

I wish to speak this morning of two men, in widely different spheres of activity, equally devoted to the same cause, and equally, I think, laying down their lives for their country, within the last few weeks. One of them was born and passed his early years within sight of this church. This quiet scene of rural loveliness surrounding the home of his childhood; these trees, standing here as God's sentinels to protect and guard his house of worship; these roads and fields; this house of prayer, and the Sunday school connected with it, — all, doubtless, had their influence in forming his character, and preparing him for the responsible duties that were to be laid upon him. He was thirteen years old when I came here in January, 1846. Once in that winter, by reason of a most violent storm, I preached to an audience of five persons; and he was one of the five. He had no advantages of education which any boy among us may not have. He went to the town-school; and then, for a short time, was a student in the academy under the instruction of Mr. Ezra Ripley, — a man of high purposes, of rare purity, integrity, and modesty, who, at the commencement of this war, left an extensive and increasing practice at the bar, and carried with him into the military service the brave and persistent resolution, the keen sense of right, and the instinctive hatred of wrong, for which he had been distinguished in civil life. After more than two years of faithful and efficient service, he died near Vicksburg, Miss., a few weeks after the capture of that city. The ability with which he acted, and

the value of the services which he rendered, were very inadequately represented by the position which he held as lieutenant in the Twenty-ninth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers.

At the age of seventeen, JAMES SEWALL REED went to California, where, beginning as a day-laborer in some mechanical employment, he worked his way up to a post of responsibility and trust in a large mercantile house, whose confidence and respect he always afterwards retained. Few among us knew the temptations to which our young men were then exposed in that distant land, freed as they were from all the restraints of home, and from the legal and moral safeguards which are furnished by the laws and habits of a well-ordered community. It is the testimony of those who knew him best through his whole experience there, that he never took advantage of the disordered state of society to relax the severity of his principles, or to give up any thing of his moral purity and ingenuousness. At the age of twenty-two, he was the captain of a military company, and exercised a great and salutary influence over his men. He spent one season in Lower California, and the next on Fr zer's River, where he was brought into contact with the Indians, whose admiration and confidence he gained by his remarkable courage and his honesty, and whose grateful and devoted services he secured by his generosity and kindness.

At length, there came a time when the government of California had become so corrupt that the laws

were perverted, and courts of justice turned into instruments of violence and wrong, by those whose business it was to administer them. Neither life nor property was respected; and some of the best citizens, who had made themselves obnoxious to wicked and lawless rulers, were shot dead, either in the streets or at their places of business. The courts of justice offered no redress, but sheltered the murderers from harm. It was one of those rare and fearful occasions which are not likely ever to occur in a settled community, under our popular form of government, when the people are justified in taking the laws into their own hands, and securing the ends of justice by a summary and illegal process. Here our friend, as a military officer, by his judgment, his perfect fearlessness, and the ascendency which he had over his men, rendered important services to the cause of good government, and secured for himself, on a larger scale than before, a name and a place in the community, as one who might be relied upon in any great and perilous emergency.

When the civil war broke out, he wished to offer himself as a volunteer. But the loyalty of California was at that time so doubtful, and the ties which bound her to the Union were so new and untried, that it seemed as if loyal citizens were more needed, and might be more useful to the Government, there than here. But he got out his military books, and studied them with continuous and earnest attention; and when the fervor of our first enthusiasm here in the East had abated, and it was beginning to be difficult to

get the men that were needed, he, with a friend,* who, like himself, has been in some measure connected with this religious society, determined to raise a company of cavalry. Within less than a week, five hundred men offered themselves as volunteers. But they could get permission to enlist only one hundred. With these picked men he came on from California about fifteen months ago, and attached himself to the Second Regiment of Massachusetts Cavalry. The expectations which he and they inspired have not been disappointed. He had, in a remarkable degree, the qualities which endear an officer to his men, and command at once their confidence and their obedience. He has had a trying service, and has always been found equal to its requirements. He might have escaped its hardships. On those distant shores of the Pacific, he might have remained at home, without any imputation upon his patriotism or his honor. He was a man of warm domestic affections. He loved his home with its comforts and its endearments. But the voice of his country, stabbed, and threatened with destruction, by the treachery and violence of her own sons, calling on him to give his services and his life in her defence, was a voice which he could not resist. He has fallen in the ripeness of his early manhood. No stain rests on the fair fame which he has bravely and honorably won. The more closely and confidentially I have inquired into his private history from those who knew him best,

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* Capt. Archibald M'Kendry.

and in his most secret walks, the more unhesitating and unequivocal has been the testimony to the purity and the integrity of his life. No braver man lived; and he was as gentle as he was brave. A lady who came from California with him, and whose sympathies were strongly with the South, said she knew that he was a brave man, because he was so gentle, so devoted, and so patient in his attentions, to a little, helpless child. And so it usually is. The finest qualities of gentleness and modesty, of love and reverence, are those which entwine themselves most closely and tenderly around the strongest. In the field or the camp, when others were tired out or discouraged, he was always cheerful, and dispelled their despondency by the contagion of his own light-hearted and mirthful spirit. Letters from the camp say that it is dull and sad there now, without him. But he has fallen in the performance of a great and solemn duty. He pledged himself to a sacred cause, and he has fulfilled his pledge. These trees and hills will be clothed with a fresher green; these homes will be more secure, and better worth living in; these schools will be filled with a freer and more docile succession of pupils; these churches will be consecrated by a holier worship, a purer morality, and a loftier faith; a nobler race will walk our streets for generations yet to come, when we are dead, and long centuries hence, — because of the life which he and others like him have lived, and the death which they have died. If any of you should stand weeping by what seems to you their untimely graves, remember

the words inscribed on the tomb at Thermopylæ: "Go, tell them at Lacedæmon that we lie here in obedience to her laws." Or, better than that, with more of the Christian spirit in which so many of our young men have entered this great and terrible conflict, write upon their tombs, or at least associate with their memory, the words, for ever consecrated as the words of Jesus, and sanctified to us by his death: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The day after our friend, with many tears and blessings, was laid in his grave, the news came from San Francisco, that his minister, the Rev. Thomas Starr King, had suddenly died that morning. There was but one man in the United States who had greater power than he to draw together vast assemblies of men, enchain them by his generous thoughts, and charge them with his own enthusiasm. When this wicked war was forced upon us by the assault on Fort Sumter, and it was doubtful which side the new State on the Pacific might join, Mr. King gave himself to his country with a purpose as brave and as solemn as if he had thrown himself upon the most desperate battle-field. He traversed the State. He lectured; he preached; he prayed. He electrified great masses of men with his own self-forgetting patriotism. He caused the sentiment of national honor and enthusiasm to thrill through them, and bind them to their country with a warm and unfaltering devotion. There was in in him no jealousy, no narrow thought of self, to dim

the clearness of his eye; no ugly ambition to gnaw at his heart-strings, and interfere with his kindly judgments, or prompt to ill-natured and ungenerous remarks upon the character and motives of others. An intimate friend of his, who preached about him last Sunday, with singular felicity of adaptation entitled his sermon "The Unspotted Life." He had what no bad man ever has, — a laugh which rung as clear and mirthful as the tones of a Christmas bell. When he went from us, he bore with him the light-heartedness, the elasticity, and the joyousness of a boy. But I learn that one, who saw him a short time ago, said that he looked then like an old man. The labors and the responsibilities of a lifetime, crowded with such intensity into those few brief months, had told upon him as the work of years, and probably left him without strength to bear up under a disease which otherwise might have had no fatal power over him. I have little doubt, that, like hundreds of other loyal men at their various posts of duty in civil life, he died "a blessed martyr" to his country, as truly as if he had been slain upon the battle-field.

The last Sunday that Capt. Reed and his "California Hundred" spent in San Francisco, they attended Mr. King's church. His concluding words, which I read from a copy written in his own clear hand as a parting memorial to his friend Capt. Reed, were these: "God bless you, brother Americans, for your readiness, for your zeal, for your pure offering of devotedness, which to-day add force as well as illustration

to the pleadings of the gospel with our hearts! You are not 'weary' of the call and the strain of patriotism. There are those at the East who are. They wear no wounds or scars. They have not exposed their lives. . . . And you, in these same hours, *seek the opportunity* of pledging strength and skill, and blood and breath, to our country's integrity and honor. Heaven hear our prayers for you, and cover you with its benediction! . . . May the flash of your blades, if you are called into battle, be the dawn of a better age for your country! . . . Go, brethren: do your tremendous duty with dedicated hearts; in the fear of God, which roots out all other fear; in allegiance to Christ; with the New Testament very near your hand, and its appeals very sweet to your souls! 'Be not weary with well-doing,' though your marches be long, and your hope of speedy success denied. In due time you shall reap, if you faint not; and, if those you leave at home be not cowards and traitors both, you shall reap, though you bleed, though you be maimed, though you die; you shall reap in your country's redemption and renewal, in the honor that will invest your names in future years, in your reward in the better world."

These, my friends, are great words of exhortation and of promise. And shall they not be fulfilled? Both he who spoke them, and the leader of those to whom they were spoken, have laid down their lives in attestation of their truth, and have entered into their reward. It remains for us who yet live to follow them

by consecrating ourselves anew to the cause for which they died, and by carrying on, in whatever sphere of activity we can, the work which they have left unfinished. It was well that our friend who died in battle for us should be buried with every demonstration of love and honor, and that his name should be held in everlasting remembrance by those who wish well to their country; and when our brother on the shore of a distant ocean, amid peaceful pursuits, fell almost as suddenly at his post of duty, it was well that places of business should be closed, and flags at half-mast, and a whole community sorrowing as under a great and common bereavement in the home of his adoption, and that here words of tender and reverent commemoration should be uttered. But we shall praise them best, we shall most truly honor their name and their memory, when we do as they have done, and in thought and word, in heart and deed, give ourselves to the work for which they lived and died. To us, as to them, our Saviour's words apply: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

## CAPT. J. SEWALL REED.

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At my request, Mrs. Reed furnished me with a little sketch of her husband's life, to be used in making up my account of his services; but it is so much better than any thing I can prepare, that, without asking her permission, I have taken the liberty of retaining it in nearly the same form in which I received it. In some parts, I have condensed it a little; but I am sure that no one can read it through without a feeling of admiration for the young man who so freely gave his life to his country. Nor can it, I think, be read without a quickening sense of patriotic enthusiasm, and a renewed devotion to the cause for which he died. We see, in this as in other histories, by what providential ways our young men have been prepared to take the self-sacrificing and heroic part which they have taken in the terrible conflict in which we are engaged. The cost of this war, in tears and blood, to uphold our Government, and save it from becoming a wreck and ruin, is indeed great; but who shall say that it is too great, so long as it brings out characters like these, and holds up to us such types of self-forgetting manhood? Capt. Reed had been for some time acting as major in command of a battalion. While employed in that capacity, he was killed near Drainsville, Va., on the anniversary of Washington's birth-day, the 22d of February, 1864. His funeral was at the church of the

Second Congregational Society in Dorchester, where he had been married a little less than five years before. It is seldom that we have seen an assembly so large, and with such evident marks of grief, as was there gathered to pay the last tokens of love and honor to this brave soldier, this genial friend, this upright and patriotic man.

James Sewall Reed was born in Milton, Mass., April 3, 1832. Of his early life, his schoolboy-days, you know probably as much as I can tell you. My personal knowledge of him relates more to his California life; though, as a child, I remember having a mortal dread of him, as I always saw him with a *gun* in his hand. He was naturally of an impulsive, ardent, enthusiastic character; and in 1849, during the rage of the "gold fever," became much interested in California. With him, to think was to do; and he became so desirous to try his fortune in that distant land, that his parents reluctantly gave their consent, though he was a boy but little more than seventeen years old. An extract from his journal says, "On the 30th of October, 1849, we set sail from Boston in the good ship 'Argonaut,' bound to San Francisco; making up our minds for a 'life on the ocean-wave.'" Here, at the outset, he shows himself possessed of the characteristics of a good traveller; being always cheerful, making the best of every event, never discouraged, and always finding something pleasant amid the darkest scenes. They sailed round Cape Horn, and made a quick and prosperous voyage; going on shore at Valparaiso, eighty-nine days out from Boston. On the 13th of March, 1850, they dropped anchor in the Bay of San Francisco. Here commenced his first experience of "camp-life:" for, on landing, he pitched his tent, and commenced house-keeping; washing, cooking, &c., for himself. He immediately found plenty of work; and, that he might lose no time, he commenced building a flat-boat for river-travel. Finishing this, he next tried his hand at painting; at which he continued for some weeks. His brother having arrived in California, as soon as they could get ready, they started for the mines. They worked at mining, and were quite successful, some six or eight months; when, thinking their claim entirely worked out,

and becoming a little tired of the life, they concluded to return to San Francisco. While mining, they had enjoyed camp-life in perfection, with sometimes a scarcity of provisions, which were very poor, even when abundant; but the life was not distasteful, and many pleasant hours were spent there. They thought they had completely exhausted the wealth of their mine; but Sewall has since told me that the same dirt had been worked over several times since, and each time had paid better than the first, so little was mining understood in those days. Returning to San Francisco, he soon obtained a situation with Macondray & Co., one of the leading firms of the city. At first, he was employed in the lumber-yard, taking account of the delivery and buying of the article; but soon entered the store as salesman, where he continued, winning the respect and love of his employers, until 1854.

At this time, all who are acquainted with California history will remember that the moral dangers to which a young man was exposed were neither few nor small; and older, stronger men often fell victims. But, from the first, Sewall had absolutely set his face against these things; and such was the natural purity of his character, his innate love of goodness and truth, that what to many was enticing, to him was disgusting; and few passed through the ordeal of those early California days more free and uncontaminated than he. His good mother's teachings here proved their value: he reverenced that mother, and did not forget her while away.

His military life commenced as early as 1852; and I think he served in every position, except first lieutenant, from a corporal up to captain, first in the Eureka Light Horse-Guards, and afterwards the First Light Dragoons. In 1854, he returned to his New-England home on a visit; and had so changed during the five years' absence, that even his mother did not know him. He came home *viâ* Nicaragua; and though the route was in bad condition, and detentions were frequent, he always found something to enjoy, while many were only annoyed.

He returned to California in November, 1854; and, soon after his arrival there, he went with a friend into the tea-business, which was quite successful, and in which he continued to show his abilities as a business-man.

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1856 was a year famous in California history; and he acted a conspicuous part in that Vigilance Committee which accomplished so much for the State. At this time, he was captain of the First Light Dragoons. I copy from his letter the account of his connection with the beginning of difficulties. He says, "On Sunday, I went to Gov. Johnson, and tendered my resignation as captain of the Dragoons, telling him that I was going to join the Vigilance Committee. He refused to accept it; but I joined them, and, at eleven o'clock, was sworn in by special request, although they did not take any members that day; and I am a member of the Citizens' Guard, a company of a hundred and twenty-five men, used for duty at the court-rooms." At this time, the Committee did not themselves know the arduous duties that lay before them; and, after the first difficulty was settled, they thought all would be quiet again; but they were mistaken. When Sewall resigned his commission as captain of the Dragoons (most of the company having left also, and joined the Vigilance Committee), he joined the Citizens' Guard as a private. In three days, he was promoted to the position of captain of one of the companies, — the Guard having been increased and divided into four companies. Here he remained for a time, till he was elected captain of a company of Dragoons. There was quite a strife for a little time as to which company should keep him; and it was finally settled by Col. Olney himself, who said, that, for the good of the cause, Capt. Reed must go with the Dragoons; for there were good infantry officers in plenty, but few that understood cavalry as well Capt. Reed. So he became captain of Company B, Citizens' Dragoons, V.C.; and continued to act in this capacity while he was needed. His company numbered a hundred and sixty men. They met for drill every evening, and oftener if circumstances required. Business was almost entirely suspended during this excitement, and all were interested in learning "the art of war." Men of every rank and position shouldered the musket, and stood in the ranks; and Sewall often said that he had men in his command old enough to be his father, yet all earnest and enthusiastic, ready to sacrifice life and fortune in the support of justice and right. I copy the account of the taking of "Judge Terry" as an example of the state of excitement there: "I was sitting in my office,

about two, P.M., when I saw crowds of people rushing down the street. Supposing it was a fire, I thought but little of it; when, in a minute, I heard the tap of the Committee-bell, and I knew then there was trouble somewhere. I closed my store immediately, as all my neighbors were doing, and started for the stable. Men were rushing through the streets as if wild; and I soon heard the cry, 'Judge Terry has killed one of the Vigilants!' I had my horse saddled, and started for headquarters, where I found my company present and in line. I reported to the general, and, in less than half an hour after the bell rang, was on the ground, among some two thousand men, who had surrounded the building whither Judge Terry had fled. Judge Terry was taken prisoner, though not a gun was fired or a man hurt; and in another hour the city was quiet again." Sewall was also sent more than once on expeditions that required courage and ability, such as searching houses, making arrests, &c.; and always succeeded to the satisfaction of the Committee.

Business in the city was now very dull, and Sewall became interested in some mining speculations in Lower California. Some friends were going down to that country to locate grants, mines, &c.; and, having had an excellent offer made to him, he concluded to accompany them, thinking to increase his store of worldly goods, and enjoy a trip through Lower California at the same time. It was a wild, almost unknown country; but his love of adventure led him to look upon the journey as one of pleasure rather than toil. He left San Francisco in May, 1857; going by water to Santa Barbara, — one of the southern ports of California. From here he went to Los Angelos, San Pedro, San Diego, and other towns in that vicinity; riding on horseback hundreds of miles, spreading his blankets in the open air, yet always happy, always cheerful; often obliged to shoot his supper before he ate it; writing his letters on his saddle-cloth, the top of his hat, a tin plate, or a milk-pan; visiting mines; locating grants; riding sometimes sixty-five miles in a day; travelling among the Mexicans and native Californians, — himself nearly as brown as they. He speaks of them as treating him very kindly, and being very hospitable towards the "Americanos;" and goes into raptures over the beautiful scenery that is constantly attracting his attention. I

copy one remark that will show his love for the "old flag:" "I shall spend the glorious Fourth in Mexican territory, and not under the 'stars and stripes;' but the American flag shall float over me that day, if I can find the cloth to make one." He remained in this country some nine months, and then returned to San Francisco again. This trip was a failure in a pecuniary point of view; for he could not get the salary promised, as one of the parties had died; and he returned rather discouraged, his hopes of success had been so sanguine.

He had been in the city but a short time when the "Frazer-River excitement" turned the heads of the Californians. Gold had been discovered in large quantities in British territory, and it was thought it would prove a second California. The excitement in San Francisco was intense; and, with the hope of gaining what he had lost in Lower California, Sewall determined to join the multitude that were hurrying northward to the new El Dorado. In company with one friend, who was to share the hardships and the success of the trip, he left San Francisco, in June, 1858, in a steamer bound to Victoria, Vancouver's Island. At Victoria they purchased an Indian canoe; and, with three other men, — making five in all, — they commenced the journey up the river. It was a hundred miles to Fort Langley, their first landing-place; and they intended to go a hundred miles beyond this. Their canoe was heavily laden, and the river-currents were very strong. In speaking of this journey, Sewall says, "I think it is the hardest work I have ever done;" and he had done a *little* of that during his life.

He spent the 4th of July, 1858, at Fort Langley; and, as they were on British ground, he determined that an American flag should float over *their* tent, on that day at least. So, the previous day, he set himself to work to make a flag that should be a reminder of his home; and that flag is now in my possession. An old red flannel shirt furnished the material of that color, an old white shirt was torn up for the white, while a blue blanket furnished the field for the stars. He could not make the stars to suit him; and so he cut the figures '76 out of some white, and sewed it upon the blue; and this flag floated over his tent on that day, on that British soil. Here, too, he had only his tent to live

in, his blankets for a bed, and was obliged to do his own cooking, washing, &c.

They went up the river as far as Fort Yale; and, not being able to go any farther in their boats, they landed, and proceeded by land some twenty miles over the mountains on foot, and heavily laden, as there were neither horses nor mules in that country. About twenty miles above Fort Yale, he and his friends staked out a claim, and again commenced mining, as sanguine of success as though disappointment had never crossed his path. Until the gold excitement, no one had travelled this country but Indians. The Hudson-Bay Company had a few men at the different forts or trading-posts; but they did not travel about the country.

The Indians called them "King George's men," and the Americans they called "Boston." The same qualities which gained him friends among the Mexicans in California won the friendship of the Indians of this northern land; and many were the presents of fish, berries, &c., that he received from them. But *all* were not so well disposed, as one event in this history will prove. Sewall was one day sitting in his tent, when suddenly there came in an Indian chief with some four or five of his tribe. At first, Sewall, thinking no evil, took little notice of them; but they soon commenced looking about them, and gathering up such articles as they could see, intending to take them away. Sewall was alone; but, seizing his revolver, he stepped forward, bidding them not to lay a finger on an article, or he would shoot them all. His resolute daring cowed the chief; and he fell on his knees, and begged for life. Sewall bade him get up; which he did, saying, "Boston good Indian, Boston no coward!" His partner soon returned, and has since told me that he had no doubt Sewall's courage saved both their lives; for those Indians were very unfriendly to the whites. From this time, the chief, with all his tribe, were Sewall's warmest friends,— constantly bringing him little presents of such as they had; and it was not long before it was in his power to do them a kindness. The various tribes of the upper country had troubled the miners so much, that, at last, the miners determined to exterminate the whole number. Sewall heard of the organization, though he did not join them. He was some distance from the white settlements which had been annoyed,— they

being some forty miles farther up the river; but, feeling that his Indian friends were in danger, he determined to save them if possible. I copy his words: "Three of us started for the Indian ranch just before dark, on the same evening that the company of miners were to perform their work of extermination. As I was the only one who could speak the *Chinook tongue*, I told the chief that he must pack up and leave for the mountains immediately, or the whites would kill them. In less time than I could tell them, they were packed, and ready to leave, bag and baggage." The old chief shook hands with them, and gratefully thanked them, saying they would not forget it. That very night, their houses were burned; and they would have shared the fate of the rest, had it not been for the timely warning. Very early the next morning, Sewall was awakened by a visit from the old chief, with a present for him; and, while he remained in the country, they were his constant friends.

The Frazer-River gold mines proving somewhat of a humbug, they left the country in November, returning to San Francisco not much richer in worldly goods than when they left, but with a larger experience, and many pleasing recollections of hours spent there. Sewall, through all this time, never once alludes to the hardships and discomforts, except to mention the facts; and always was cheerful, and sanguine of success. He engaged with his whole heart and mind and strength in every scheme which interested him, and never gave up till he was convinced that he had exhausted the whole. He was very expert in the use of tools; very quick and active; and I have heard it said of him, that few men could accomplish so much in a given time as he could. In speaking of his travels, he says, "I have travelled about some in my life. I have been south as far as latitude fifty-six degrees, and here I am at fifty degrees north. I have lived under Chilian, Mexican, and English governments; and the only way a man can truly prize our own glorious Republic is to see and travel in foreign lands. I am a thorough American, and I glory in it."

Early in the spring of 1859, Sewall again came East; and we were married the 25th of May, 1859; and, in September of the same year, we returned to California. Sewall now determined to settle down, and enjoy the pleasures of domestic life, which pos-

sessed an especial charm for one who had been so long a wanderer. He purchased a ranch some sixty miles from San Francisco; and there, in quiet happiness, he devoted his time to the cultivation of his ranch. We had lived there about a year, when, even in our distant home, we heard the nation's cry of alarm at the fall of Sumter; and when he heard of the mustering of armies, and knew that danger was threatening that land he loved so well, he would often say to me, "If I were only a single man, I should certainly go East, and join the army." Even as early as this, he began again the study of military science, and interested himself in all pertaining to it; and, in the summer of 1861, he joined a company of men, as private, who met for drill and instruction in military matters; but, knowing full as much as any of them, he was frequently the instructor. During this time, his mind was unsettled; his thoughts were often dwelling on the danger that was threatening that land he loved; and I have often heard him say, "that if this, the best government the sun shone on, was destroyed, he should not wish to live." He would have joined the army at this time, had it not been for me; but I *could not* give him up. In November, 1861, we again returned to San Francisco, — an excellent situation being offered him there, together with a better opportunity to serve his State as a military man; for at that time it was seriously thought that there would be trouble there. A new zeal had been given to the different military organizations; and he was soon re-elected captain of his old company, — the First Light Dragoons, — having resigned that position when in Lower California. Here I hoped he would be content, and gratify his love of military life as captain of that splendid company; but his heart was with those noble men who were sacrificing their all for their country, and again and again was the unwelcome subject discussed between us. I *had* felt that there were plenty of men here, that there was no lack of material, and that his services were not needed; but when I heard that men were less willing than formerly to volunteer, and that drafting even must be resorted to in Massachusetts, I felt that it was my duty to give up my precious husband to the cause. I saw that *good* men were needed, and I knew how admirably adapted he was for the life; and I, too, loved my country too well to see her destroyed without doing my all to save her.

I had no sooner given my consent than he proceeded to act; and, with other Massachusetts men, formed a plan, the result of which you know. A finer body of men than the California Hundred, as they were called, was scarcely to be found in any State; and they left San Francisco, Dec. 11, 1862, for Boston; arriving in New York the 2d of January, and in Readville the next morning. They formed Company A, Second Massachusetts Cavalry. They remained in camp a little more than a month; when they were ordered to Gloucester Point, Va. Here they were chiefly engaged in picketing, scouting, &c.; in all of which they performed the various duties assigned them so as to win the respect of their commanding officers. In April, the rebels came down upon Fort Magruder and Williamsburg; and Capt. Reed was ordered there in command of a squadron. Our force there was not large; yet, contrary to their expectations, they were not attacked; and, after a stay of about a month, the command returned to Gloucester Point. They remained here about a month longer; when they received orders to join Col. Spear's command in his raid up the Peninsula, and here they saw their first severe fighting. I send you a letter from one of the members of the company describing the taking of the South Anna Bridge, which was done by Sewall's command. It is not for me to speak of his coolness and bravery; but I can say that his actions at that time but increased the respect and confidence of his men. They approached quite near Richmond at that time, and were successful as to the object of the expedition. Soon after their return, they were ordered to join the army in the defences of Washington; and were finally camped at Vienna, Va. For the last four or five months of his life, Sewall had commanded a battalion, though not commissioned as major; and no officer in the whole regiment was more popular or more respected. Of the closing scenes of his life, I presume you are informed. It seems so sad, he was so young, and just upon the verge of military life, — so promising, so beloved; but 'tis well. He gave his life to that country he loved so much, and fell as a brave soldier wishes to die. Had he remained in San Francisco, he would have attained distinction in civil life; but he cared not for it.